

THE YUKON TRAIL

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE.

CHAPTER XXIX

"Don't Touch Him! Don't You Dare Touch Him!"

Gordon overstepped. His plan had been to reach Kuskak at the end of a long day's travel, but that had meant getting on the trail with the first gleam of light. When he opened his eyes Mrs. Olson was calling him to rise.

He dressed and stepped out into the cold, crisp morning. From the hill crested the sun was already pouring down a great, firelike shaft of light across the snow vista. Swiftwater Pete passed behind him on his way to the stable and called a cheerful good-morning in his direction.

Mrs. Olson had put the stove outside the tent and Gordon lifted it to the spot where they did the cooking. "Good-morning, neighbor," he called to Sheba. "Sleep well?"

"The little rustling sounds within the tent ceased. A face appeared in the doorway, the flaps drawn discreetly close beneath the chin. "Never better. Is my breakfast ready yet?"

"Come and help me make it. Mrs. Olson is waiting on Holt."

"When I'm dressed," the smiling face disappeared. "Dublin Bay" sounded in her fresh young voice from the tent. Gordon joined in the song as he lit the fire and sliced bacon from a frozen slab of it.

The howling of the huskies interrupted the song. They had evidently heard something that excited them. Gordon listened. Was it in his fancy that the breeze carried to him the faint jingle of sleigh-bells? The sound, if it was one, died away. The cook turned to his job.

He stopped, staring at the meat knife and bacon both suspended in the air. On the hard snow there came to him the crunch of a foot behind him. Whose? Sheba was in the tent, Swiftwater at the stable, Mrs. Olson in the house. Slowly he turned what his head.

What Elliot saw sent the starch through his body. He did not move an inch, still sat crouched by the fire, but every nerve was at tension, every muscle taut. For he was looking at a rifle lying negligently in brown, steady hands. They were very sure hands, very competent ones. He had never seen them before.

In action. The owner of the hands was Colby Macdonald. The Scotch-Canadian stood at the edge of a willow grove. His face was grim as the face of judgment. "Don't move," he ordered.

Elliot laughed irritably. He was both annoyed and disgusted. "What do you want?" he snapped. "You."

"What's worrying you now? Do you think I'm jumping my bond?" "You're going back to Kuskak with me—to give a life for the one you took."

"What's that?" cried Gordon, surprised. "Just as I'm telling you. I've been on your heels ever since you left town. You and Holt are going back with me as my prisoners."

"But what for?" "For robbing the bank and murdering Milton, as you know well enough."

"Is this another plan arranged for me by you and Selfridge?" demanded Elliot. Macdonald ignored the question and lifted his voice. "Come out of that tent, Holt—and come with your hands up unless you want your head blown off."

"Holt isn't in that tent, you damned idiot. If you want to know—" "Come now, if you expect to come alive," cut in the Scotchman ominously. He raised the rifle to his shoulder and covered the shadow thrown by the sun on the figure within.

Gordon flung out a wild protest and threw the frozen slab of bacon at the head of Macdonald. With the motion he launched his own body across the stove. A fifth of a second earlier the tent flap had opened and Sheba had come out.

The sight of her paralyzed Macdonald and saved her lover's life. It distracted the mine-owner long enough for him to miss his chance. A bullet struck the stove and went off at a tangent through the tent canvas not two feet from where Sheba stood.

A second went speeding toward the sun. For Gordon had followed the football player's instinct and dived for the knees of his enemy.

They went down together. Each squirming for the upper place, they rolled over and over. The rifle was forgotten. Like cave men they fought, crushing and twisting each other's muscles with the blind lust of primitives to kill. As they clinched with one arm, they struck savagely with the other. The impact of smashing blows on naked flesh sounded horribly clear to Sheba.

to Diane's after he had bandaged your wounds?" "That was different. It was part of the game of politics we were playing."

"You admit that you and your friends lied then. It is likely you could persuade me that you're telling the truth now?"

The big Alaskan shrugged. "Believe it or not as you like. Anyhow, I'm going back with me to Kuskak—and Holt, too, if he's here."

An excited cackle cut into the conversation, followed by a drawing announcement from the window. "Your old tillium is right here, Mac. What's the use of waiting? Why don't you have your hanging-belt now?"

(To Be Continued.)

Food Administrator Prescribes Family Allowance.

Effective at once, flour in towns and cities should be sold in eighth to quarter barrel quantities; in rural and farm communities in quarter and half-barrel quantities; sugar should be sold in towns and cities in two to five pound lots, and in rural and farm localities in from five to ten-pound lots, and merchants should not advertise sugar or flour under regular prices.

promulgated by State Food Administrator William Elliott of Columbia, which are as follows:

"Study of the situation develops that America must depend largely upon flour for success in the war with Germany. There is plenty of wheat in Australia, but we have too few ships to send so far. Our associates in the war must depend upon America for their supply of flour. The strictest kind of economy must be practiced in the use of flour in every household in order to feed the armies."

"To meet this condition the American people must cut down the consumption of flour by about 35 per cent, or possibly more."

"Corn and other substitutes must be used as far as possible."

"Hoarders of flour, whether individuals, firms or associations, subject themselves to a penalty of four years imprisonment or a \$10,000 fine, or both. Retailers who add or abet in hoarding of flour render themselves liable to the same penalty."

"Flour in towns and cities should be sold in eighth to quarter barrel quantities; in rural and farm communities in quarter and half-barrel quantities."

"These limitations are effective at once and they must be strictly observed."

"The dealers must notify all other dealers in the community who do not know of these rules. Reports of violations should be made to the food administration. Arcade building, Columbia, S. C. Prompt investigation will follow every reported case."

"Sugar should be sold in towns and cities in two to five-pound lots, and in rural and farm localities in from five to ten-pound lots. This regulation must be strictly adhered to. Every retailer should use precaution to prevent the duplication of sales."

"The United States food administration objects to merchants advertising sugar and flour. Advertising tends to increase the sale of these commodities."

"Dealers are prohibited from making combination sales of sugar and other commodities, except that of corn meal. The dealer in his discretion may require the consumer to purchase two pounds of corn meal with one pound of sugar. This ruling is made for the purpose of increasing the use of corn meal and thereby saving flour."

"The people of South Carolina must remember these facts: 'Practically all flour must be hauled from the west. The corn crop this year was large. Many grist mills have been erected. By using more corn meal and reducing the consumption of flour, freight cars are released for war work; our armies are assured of a plentiful supply of bread; starvation will be kept from the doors of the people; our associates in the war will have good prices will be secured for our corn crop, and we will materially strengthen the hands of the government in the battle for right.'

"Making Our Own Optical Glass.—One of the things for which we were accustomed to depend upon Germany was optical glass, the manufacture of which was originally developed at Jena, even now the most important center of that industry."

"The cutting off of these supplies has been a matter of no small seriousness, especially in view of war needs for telescopes, binoculars, photographic lenses, etc."

"But government scientists went to the following problem, in co-operation with two big firms of makers of optical goods in this country, and in the last six months 50,000 pounds of optical glass as good as the best Jena product have been produced. Here is another thing that Germany will not be able to sell us after the war."

Optical glass is very different in its properties and in processes of manufacture from any other kind. For purity and freedom from defects the raw materials must be selected with great care, and a wide variety of chemical constituents is employed, including silica, soda, potash, lime, alumina and zinc—Philadelphia Ledger.

ESCAPED FROM GERMANS

Wonderful Story Told by American Airman.

JUMPED THROUGH CAR WINDOW.

Patrick O'Brien of British Flying Corps Was Shot Down from Eight Thousand Feet, and Taken into the Interior But Got Back into the States.

New York World, January 21. Just before he left for his birthplace in Mornem, Ill., on the Twentieth Century Limited yesterday afternoon, Lieut. Patrick O'Brien of the British Flying Corps rapped his knuckles three times against the lintel of the door of his room in the Hotel Knickerbocker and said:

"Sure! Shot down unconscious from 8,000 feet in the air in a battle with the Huns. Dived out of the window of a thirty-five-mile-an-hour train when I was being carted off to a German prison camp. Walked, swam and crawled 250 miles in 72 days through Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium. Got half electrocuted by that nine-foot electrical fence they have roped off Holland with, and finally dived under the damned fence with my bare hands."

"And now I'm going back to the old home town—and my mother. And they tell me that the governor is going to make a speech, and pin a badge or something on me, and I'll probably have to make a speech, and there's going to be big doings. And I'm sort of scared."

Too Bad If He Got Hit Now.

"And" (rap! rap! rap!) "I hope it won't be my luck to get a pimple on my nose, or something, and get blood-poisoning, or something, before my three months of leave are up, and I can get back flying in France again."

"You know it's easy enough to sit here in this hotel and talk about all this stuff," continued the lieutenant—better known as "Lieutenant O'Brien," or plain Pat, "over there"—"but it's something else to go through it."

"Fifty pounds light I was when I finally landed in London. Sugar beets and turnips and two years—by golly! Don't forget the two years, because they were a banquet—were all I had to eat in those seventy-two days I was sneaking out of a hostile country."

"And then what do you think is a pretty good interview with a king? What? Well, I talked just fifty-two minutes with King George in Buckingham Palace, and I want to go on record as remarking that he is some king. In fact, he is a regular fellow. He is mighty popular in England, and I can easily see why. I never did understand kings before. I'd say, 'What a fine figure of a king.'"

A Fine Figure of a Lad.

Perhaps you will recall having read a cable story from London, printed in The World and other newspapers here, about Lieut. O'Brien's leap from the speeding prisoner train, and his escape into Holland."

That cable story was nothing but a rather sketchy series of headings for chapters—and incomplete at that—of the regular, red-blooded and all-that-sort-of-stuff yarn that the lieutenant spun to a reporter for The World on the eve of his departure for the grand old homecoming in Mornem, Ill.

Probably if you should set out to describe Patrick A. O'Brien, you would think of Lochinvar out of the West too. Pat admits he is 6 feet and an inch as he steps into the morning tub. He has the sort of shoulders—with a gold "England" on the peak of each one—that no mail-order idol would be angry about getting, either from his progenitors or his tailor. And he has a waist, and legs and arms and appendages of that sort that make the names they are called mean something.

Looks Fit For a Scorp.

His mop of wavy, dark brown hair pompadour right back on a regular, honest-to-goodness forehead. For his eyes are hazel, his features are lean and clean cut, and his face is smiling.

Taking him by and large, you might look at him twice in any gathering, and whisper to yourself: "Now, there is a fine, clean-cut American boy." He is twenty-seven. And you might add to any one with you: "And I'll bet he'd give a good account of himself in a shindy."

"Well," Lieut. O'Brien began (and if he sounds vainglorious at any point of his narrative, or anything but modest, while anxious to please modest questions, blame it on the chronophony, and not on him). "Well," he began, "it was on Aug. 17, 1917, our flight of six machines had started out for its daily two and a half hours bit in the air at 5.30. One of the planes had gone wrong in coming over the lines and had turned back. So we were only five."

Got Into a Bad Trap.

"I had just looked at my instrument and found we were 16,000 feet in the air. I had just looked at my watch and found it was 7.50, and I thought I was home again."

"I was feeling glad about that when we saw nine of the Huns. With three other British planes we went in to the attack. No sooner were we engaged than eleven more Huns, who apparently had been waiting for just that sort of a situation, dived down upon us. Consequently, we got hell."

"Evidently four of 'em picked me out. I got one. He was about thirty feet away when I saw the stream of tracer bullets from my Vickers going into his neck. I found out afterward he was a Bavarian."

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POLITICS IN THE SENATE

Speech of Senator Stone Starts a Big Blaze.

REPUBLICANS ACCUSED OF POLITICS

Roosevelt Denounced as the Most Seditious Man of Consequence in America—Republican Leaders Reply With Vigor—First Political Debate for Quite a While.

Smouldering fires of partisan feeling were set ablaze in the senate Monday by Senator Stone, veteran Democrat, with a long prepared speech accusing the Republicans of playing politics in the conduct of the war and calling Theodore Roosevelt "the most seditious man of consequence in America."

There had been plenty of advance notice of the speech, which administration leaders sought vainly to induce the Missouri senator to abandon or postpone. The senate galleries were crowded, and Republican spokesmen were waiting with replies. There were many sharp interruptions during the speech, which Senator Stone was speaking for two hours.

He closed Senators Penrose, Lodge, New and others on the Republican side answered with vigorous defense of their right to make proper criticism of inefficiencies and with counter-charges of partisanship.

Senators Lewis, Kirby and other Democrats, joined in the fray, which lasted until the session ended Monday night with adjournment until Thursday. It was suggested in the lobbies that the two-day recess was arranged in the hope that both sides would cool off and permit the controversy to be dropped. Many senators who did not take the floor were busy with notes, however, and doubt is generally expressed that another outbreak can be prevented. Senator Johnson of California, was particularly busy with his pencil when Senator Stone attacked Colonel Roosevelt.

Much Laughter.

In spite of the vigorous language used by the debaters, much of the time during the day the galleries and floor were in laughter. Senator Penrose's sallies would set the chamber into a titter when the discussion was taking its most serious turns. Several times Vice President Marshall threatened to clear the galleries, and once he actually ordered it done, but Senator James's point of order that most of the disorder was among the senators themselves, prevailed.

Senator Stone delivered his attack in characteristically vehement fashion. He strode the middle aisle, shouting, menacing with clenched fist or wagging finger his political opponents on the other side.

Senator Penrose in his reply conceded his desire to oust the Democrats from control of the government, declaring a more efficient administration would be secured.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, spoke more seriously. He deplored the rejection of politics into the war, defended Colonel Roosevelt, declared that the Republicans have given and will continue to give their support to the administration toward winning the war, but will continue criticisms of mistakes and inefficiency.

It was the greatest political debate in the senate since the war began. Making his general charges in most vigorous terms, Senator Stone dramatically marshaled his "witnesses" as if before a court, to prove them. Chairman Wilcox of the Republican national committee, and lastly, the "star" witness, Colonel Roosevelt, whom Senator Stone denounced as the "most potent agent the kaiser has in America," and the "most seditious man of consequence in America."

Senator Penrose and Republican Leader Gallinger took notes as he proceeded. Senators Penrose and Lodge whispered in conference and took notes on the address. It was apparent that the Republicans were preparing to make some speeches also.

As he began presenting his "witnesses" Senator Stone named Senator Penrose and glanced from his reading at the Pennsylvania senator, who, apparently calm and undisturbed, gazed intently at the speaker and fingered a booklet while sitting at ease.

Senator Penrose interrupted Senator Stone's statement of partisanship in appointing state explosives inspectors. "All the references made to me are literally true," said Penrose, "and I am astounded at my own moderation. But does the senator mean to state that partisan, dyed-in-the-wool, notorious Democrats were not appointed explosives inspectors in all of the 48 states?"

"I do not know; I hope the senator is not mistaken," Senator Stone retorted, and proceeded with his address.

Penrose Interrupts.

When Senator Stone declared Colonel Roosevelt apparently could say things which less important persons might say by subjecting them to arrest, Senator Penrose interrupted with words tumbling out, demanding:

"Does the senator advance the extraordinary doctrine that every citizen has the right to say what he thinks of Mr. Wilson without going to jail? Does he say that citizens haven't the right to say that Mr. Wilson surrounds himself with persons so incompetent that the war program has been seriously delayed, or that he hides himself away inaccessible?"

"I did not say that; I will explain," Senator Stone replied calmly.

"The senator ought to explain," Senator Penrose retorted. "It's a remarkable doctrine to say that anybody cannot criticize Mr. Wilson without going to jail."

During the denunciation of Colonel Roosevelt, Senator Stone's vehemence mounted and he strode into the center aisle, shouting his words, with clenched fist upraised.

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BATTLE OF COWPENS

Glorious Event in Revolutionary Struggle.

WHERE MILITIA OVERCAME REGULARS

Interesting Review of a Notable Achievement of Which Americans Have Always Been Proud—Old Daniel Morgan Was Too Many for Colonel Tarleton.

January 17th is the anniversary of the Battle of Cowpens, which was one of the most important battles fought during the Revolutionary war. The winning of this battle, together with the battle of King's Mountain, made possible the victory at Yorktown, which resulted in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, thus breaking the power of the English government on this continent. The people of Spartanburg erected a monument on Morgan Square in that city, to commemorate the victory; in this they were assisted by the thirteen original states. This monument was unveiled in 1881. The Daughters of the American Revolution of Gaffney and Spartanburg are the custodians of the battlefield, and from time to time they have had celebrations there. It is about twelve miles from Gaffney to the scene of the battle and the people who live in the neighborhood are descendants of some of those who fought there and it is a pleasure for them to recount what has been handed down to them of actual happenings which took place while the battle was being fought.